



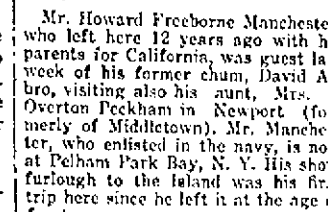
Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Carhart have leased the Pratt estate, "Arleigh," on Bellevue avenue, for the coming season.

Mayor Clark Burdick has gone to New York, where he will receive the decoration conferred upon him by the Emperor of Japan in recognition of his courtesies to the Japanese delegation here last fall.

Dr. Beck asked unanimous consent to introduce a resolution providing for a commission to investigate the Codrington Point land situation, but after it was read Judge Sullivan objected to its introduction. Dr. Beck then secured the floor as a citizen and told of the necessity for the development

Mr. Charles T. Griffith, formerly of this city, is now engaged in the real estate business in Florida.

Dr. H. P. Beck has been on a business trip to Philadelphia.

















# "OVER THE TOP"

## AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WENT

### ARTHUR GUY EMPLEY

MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCE

1917 BY ARTHUR GUY EMPLEY

#### SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Fired by the news of the sinking of the Lusitania, by a German submarine, Arthur Guy Empley, an American, leaves his office in Jersey City and goes to England where he enlists in the British army.

CHAPTER II—After a period of training, Empley volunteers for immediate service and soon finds himself in rest billets "somewhere in France," where he first makes the acquaintance of the ever-present "cooties."

CHAPTER III—Empley attends his first church services at the front while a German looker on looks over the congregation. CHAPTER IV—Empley's command goes into the front-line trenches and is under fire for the first time.

CHAPTER V—Empley learns to adopt the motto of the British Tommy: "If you are going to get it, you'll get it, so never worry."

CHAPTER VI—Back in rest billets, Empley gets his first experience as a meat orderly.

CHAPTER VII—Empley learns how the British soldiers are fed.

CHAPTER VIII—Back in the front-line trenches, Empley sees his first friend of the trenches "go West."

CHAPTER IX—Empley makes his first visit to a dugout in "Mudloch Dubh."

CHAPTER X—Empley learns what constitutes a "day's work" in the front-line trench.

CHAPTER XI—Empley goes "over the top" for the first time in a charge on the German trenches and is wounded by a lander thrust.

A piece of wood about four inches wide had been issued. This was to be strapped on the left forearm by means of two leather straps and was like the side of a match box; it was called a "striker." There was a tip like the head of a match on the fuse of the bomb. To ignite the fuse, you had to rub it on the "striker," just the same as striking a match. The fuse was timed to five seconds or longer. Some of the fuses issued in those days would burn down in a second or two, while others would "sizz" for a week before exploding. Back in Blighty the munition workers weren't quite up to snuff, the way they are now. If the fuse took a notion to burn too quickly they generally buried the bomb maker next day. So making bombs could not be called a "cushy" or safe job.

After making several bombs the professor instructs the platoon in throwing them. He takes a "jam tin" from the fire step, trembling a little, because it is nervous work, especially when new at it, lights the fuse on his striker. The fuse begins to "sizz" and sputter and a spiral of smoke, like that from a smoldering rag, rises from it. The platoon splits in two and ducks around the traverse nearest to them. They don't like the looks and sound of the burning fuse. When that fuse begins to smoke and "sizz" you want to say good-by to it as soon as possible, so Tommy with all his might chucks it over the top and crouches against the parapet, waiting for the explosion.

Lots of times in bombing the "jam tin" would be picked up by the Germans, before it exploded, and thrown back at Tommy with dire results.

After a lot of men went West in this manner an order was issued, reading something like this:

"To all ranks in the British army: After igniting the fuse and before throwing the jam-tin bomb, count slowly one, two, three!"

This in order to give the fuse time enough to burn down, so that the bomb would explode before the Germans could throw it back.

Tommy read the order—he reads them all, but after he ignited the fuse and it began to smoke orders were forgotten, and away she went in record time and back she came to the further discomfort of the thrower.

Then another order was issued to count, "one hundred! two hundred! three hundred!" But Tommy didn't care if the order read to count up to a thousand by quarters, he was going to get rid of that "jam tin" because from experience he had learned not to trust it.

When the powers that be realized that they could not change Tommy they decided to change the type of bomb and did so—substituting the "hull brush," the "cricket ball," and later the Mills bomb.

The standard bomb used in the British army is the "Mills." It is about the shape and size of a large lemon. Although not actually a lemon, Fritz insists that it is; perhaps he judges it by the havoc caused by its explosion. The Mills bomb is made of steel, the outside of which is corrugated into 48 small squares, which, upon the explosion of the bomb, scatter in a wide area, wounding or killing any Fritz who is unfortunate enough to be hit by one of the flying fragments.

Although a very destructive and efficient bomb the "Mills" has the confidence of the thrower. In that he knows it will not explode until released from his grip.

It is a mechanical device, with a lever, fitted into a slot at the top, which extends half way around the circumference and is held in place at the bottom by a fixing pin. In this pin there is a small metal ring, for the purpose of extracting the pin when ready to throw.

You do not throw a bomb the way a baseball is thrown, because, when in a narrow trench, your hand is liable to strike against the parapets, traverse or parapet, and then down goes the bomb, and, in a couple of seconds or so, up goes Tommy.

In throwing, the bomb and lever are grasped in the right hand, the left foot is advanced, knee stiff, about one and

a half its length to the front, while the right leg, knee bent, is carried slightly to the right. The left arm is extended at an angle of 45 degrees, pointing in the direction the bomb is to be thrown. This position is similar to that of shot putting, only that the right arm is extended downward. Then you hurl the bomb from you with an overhead bowling motion, the same as in cricket, throwing it fairly high in the air, this in order to give the fuse a chance to burn down so that when the bomb lands, it immediately explodes and gives the Germans no time to scamper out of its range or to return it.

As the bomb leaves your hand, the lever, by means of a spring, is projected into the air and falls harmlessly to the ground a few feet in front of the bomber.

When the lever flies off it releases a strong spring, which forces the firing pin into a percussion cap. This ignites the fuse, which burns down and sets off the detonator, charged with fulminate of mercury, which explodes the main charge of ammonal.

The average British soldier is not an expert at throwing; it is a new game to him, therefore the Canadians and Americans, who have played baseball from the kindergarten up, take naturally to bomb throwing and excel in this act. A six-foot English bomber will stand in awed silence when he sees a little five-foot-nothing Canadian outdistance his throw by several yards. I have read a few war stories of bombing, where baseball pitchers curved their bombs when throwing them, but a pitcher who can do this would make "Christy" Mathewson look like a piker, and is losing valuable time playing in the European War bush league, when he would be able to set the "big league" on fire.

We had a cushy time while at this school. In fact, to us it was a regular vacation, and we were very sorry when one morning the adjutant ordered us to report at headquarters for transportation and railcars to return to our units up the line.

Arriving at our section, the boys once again tendered us the glad salt, but looked askance at us out of the corners of their eyes. They could not conceive, as they expressed it, how a man could be such a blinking idiot as to join the Suicide club. I was beginning to feel sorry that I had become a member of said club, and my life to me appeared doubly precious.

Now that I was a sure-enough bomber I was praying for peace and hoping that my services as such would not be required.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

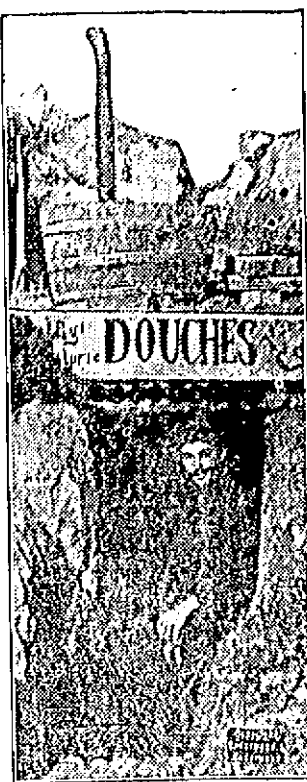
##### My First Official Bath.

Right behind our rest billet was a large creek about ten feet deep and twenty feet across, and it was a habit of the company to avail themselves of an opportunity to take a swim and at the same time thoroughly wash themselves and their underwear when on their own. We were having a spell of hot weather, and these baths to us were a luxury. The Tommies would splash around in the water and then come out and sit in the sun and have what they termed a "shirt hunt." At first we tried to drown the "cooties," but they also seemed to enjoy the bath.

One Sunday morning the whole section was in the creek and we were having a gay time, when the sergeant major appeared on the scene. He came to the edge of the creek and ordered: "Come out of it. Get your equipment on 'drill order,' and fall in for bath parade. Look lively, my hearties. You have only got fifteen minutes." A howl of indignation from the creek greeted this order, but out we came. Discipline is discipline. We lined up in front of our billet with rifles and bayonets (why you need rifles and bayonets to take a bath gets me), a full quota of ammunition, and our tin hats. Each man had a piece of soap and a towel. After an eight-kilo march along a dusty road, with an occasional shell whistling overhead, we arrived at a little squat frame building upon the bank of a creek. Nailed over the door of this building was a large sign which read "Divisional Baths." In a wooden shed in the rear we could hear a wheezy old engine pumping water.

We lined up in front of the baths, soaked with perspiration, and piled our rifles into stacks. A sergeant of the R. A. M. C. with a yellow band around his left arm on which was "S. P." (sanitary police) in black letters, took charge, ordering us to take off our equipment, unroll our puttees and unlace boots. Then, starting from the right of the line, he divided us into squads of fifteen. I happened to be in the first squad.

We entered a small room, where we were given five minutes to undress, then filed into the bathroom. In here there were fifteen tubs (barrels sawed in two) half full of water. Each tub contained a piece of laundry soap. The



A Bathroom at the Front.

sergeant informed us that we had just twelve minutes in which to take our baths. Scaping ourselves all over, we took turns in rubbing each other's backs, then by means of a garden hose, washed the soap off. The water was ice cold, but felt fine.

Pretty soon a bell rang and the water was turned off. Some of the slower ones were covered with soap, but this made no difference to the sergeant, who chased us into another room, where we lined up in front of a little window, resembling the box office in a theater, and received clean underwear and towels. From here we went into the room where we had first undressed. Ten minutes were allowed in which to get into our "clabber."

My pair of drawers came up to my chin and the shirt barely reached my diaphragm, but they were clean—no stungers on them, so I was satisfied.

At the expiration of the time allotted we were turned out and finished our dressing on the grass.

When all of the company had bathed it was a case of march back to billets. That march was the most uneventful one I imagined, just cussing and blabbing all the way. We were covered with white dust and felt greasy from sweat. The woolen underwear issued was itching like the mischief.

After eating our dinner of stew, which had been kept for us—it was now four o'clock—we went into the creek and had another bath.

If "Holy Joe" could have heard our remarks about the divisional baths and army red tape he would have fainted at our wickedness. But Tommy is only human after all.

I just mentioned "Holy Joe" or the chaplain in an irreverent sort of way, but no offense was meant, as there were some very brave men among them.

There are so many instances of heroic deeds performed under fire in rescuing the wounded that it would take several books to chronicle them, but I have to mention one instance performed by a chaplain, Captain Hall by name, in the brigade on our left, because it particularly appealed to me.

A chaplain is not a fighting man; he is recognized as a noncombatant and carries no arms. In a charge or trench raid the soldier gets a feeling of confidence from contact with his rifle, revolver, or bomb he is carrying. He has something to protect himself with, something with which he can inflict harm on the enemy—in other words, he is able to get his own back.

But the chaplain is empty-handed, and is at the mercy of the enemy if he encounters them, so it is doubly brave for him to go over the top, under fire, and bring in wounded. Also a chaplain is not required by the king's regulations to go over in a charge, but this one did, made three trips under the hottest kind of fire, each time returning with a wounded man on his back. On the third trip he received a bullet through his left arm, but never reported the matter to the doctor until late that night—just spent his time administering to the wants of the wounded lying on stretchers.

The chaplains of the British army are a fine, manly set of men, and are greatly respected by Tommy.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### Picks and Shovels.

I had not slept long before the sweet voice of the sergeant informed that "No. 1 section had checked for another blinking digging party." I sailed to myself with deep satisfaction. I had been promoted from a mere digger to a member of the Suicide club, and was exempt from all fatigues. Then came an awful shock. The sergeant looked over to my direction and said:

"Don't you bomb throwers think you are waiting top hats out here. 'Cord in' to orders you've been taken up on the strength of this section, and will have to do your bit with the pick and shovel, same as the rest of us."

I put up a howl on my way to get my shovel, but the only thing that resulted was a loss of good humor on my part.

We fell in at eight o'clock, outside of our billets, a sort of masquerade party. I was disguised as a common laborer, had a pick and shovel, and about one hundred empty sandbags. The rest, about two hundred in all, were equipped likewise: picks, shovels, sandbags, rifles and ammunition.

The party moved out in column of fours, taking the road leading to the trenches. Several times we had to string out in the ditch to let long columns of limbers, artillery and supplies

get past.

The marching, under these conditions, was necessarily slow. Upon arrival at the entrance to the communication trench, I looked at my illuminated wrist watch—it was eleven o'clock.

Before entering this trench, word was passed down the line, "no talking or smoking, lead off in single file, covering party first."

This covering party consisted of 30 men, armed with rifles, bayonets, bombs, and two Lewis machine guns. They were to protect us and guard against a surprise attack while digging in No Man's Land.

The communication trench was about half a mile long, a zigzagging ditch, eight feet deep and three feet wide.

Now and again, German shrapnel would whistle overhead and burst in our vicinity. We would crouch against the earthen walls while the shell fragments "shopped" the ground above us.

Once Fritz turned loose with a machine gun, the bullets from which "cracked" through the air and kicked up the dirt on the top, scattering sand and pebbles, which, hitting our steel helmets, sounded like bulletstones.

Upon arrival in the fire trench an officer of the Royal Engineers gave us our instructions and acted as guide.

We were to dig an advanced trench two hundred yards from the Germans (the trenches at this point were six hundred yards apart).

Two winding lanes, five feet wide, had been cut through our barbed wire, for the passage of the diggers. From these lines white tape had been laid



Trench Digging.

on the ground to the point where we were to commence work. This in order that we would not get lost in the darkness. The proposed trench was also laid out with tape.

The covering party went out first. After a short wait, two scouts came back with information that the working party was to follow and "carry on" with their work.

In extended order, two yards apart, we noiselessly crept across No Man's Land. It was nervous work; every minute we expected a machine gun to open fire on us. Stray bullets "cracked" around us, or a rocket shot over head.

Arriving at the taped diagram of the trench, rifles slung around our shoulders, we lost no time in getting to work. We dug as quietly as possible but every now and then the noise of a pick or shovel striking a stone would send the cold shivers down our backs. Under our breaths we heartily cursed the offending Tommy.

At intervals a star shell would go up from the German lines and we would remain motionless until the glare of its white light died out.

When the trench had reached a depth of two feet we felt safer, because it would afford us cover in case we were discovered and fired on.

The digging had been in progress about two hours, when suddenly hell seemed to break loose in the form of machine-gun and rifle fire.

We dropped down on our bellies in the shallow trench, bullets knocking up the ground and snapping in the air. Then shrapnel blatted in. The music was hot and Tommy danced.

The covering party was having a rough time of it; they had no cover; just had to take their medicine.

Word was passed down the line to beat it for our trenches. We needed no urging; grabbing our tools and stooping low, we legged it across No Man's Land. The covering party got away to a poor start but beat us in. They must have had wings because we lagged the record.

Panting and out of breath, we tumbled into our front-line trench. I tore my hands getting through our wire, but, at the time, didn't notice it; my journey was too urgent.

When the roll was called we found that we had gotten it in the nose for 63 casualties.

Our artillery put a barrage on Fritz front-line and communication trenches and their machine-gun and rifle fire suddenly ceased.

Upon the cessation of this fire, stretcher bearers went out to look for killed and wounded. Next day we learned that 21 of our men had been killed and 37 wounded. Five men were missing; lost in the darkness, they

must have wandered over into the German lines, where they were either killed or captured.

Speaking of stretcher bearers and wounded, it is very hard for the average civilian to comprehend the enormous cost of taking care of wounded and the war in general. He or she gets so accustomed to seeing billions of dollars in print that the significance of the amount is passed over without thought.

From an official statement published in one of the London papers, it is stated that it costs between six and seven thousand pounds (\$30,000 to \$35,000) to kill or wound a soldier. This result was attained by taking the cost of the war to date and dividing it by the killed and wounded.

It may sound heartless and inhuman, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that from a military standpoint it is better for a man to be killed than wounded.

If a man is killed he is buried, and the responsibility of the government ceases, excepting for the fact that his people receive a pension. But if a man is wounded it takes three men from the firing line, the wounded man and two men to carry him to the rear to the advanced first-aid post. Here he is attended by a doctor, perhaps assisted by two R. A. M. C. men. Then he is put into a motor ambulance, manned by a crew of two or three. At the field hospital, where he generally goes under an anesthetic, either to have his wounds cleaned or to be operated on, he requires the services of about three to five persons. From this point another ambulance ride impresses more men in his service, and then at the ambulance train, another corps of doctors, R. A. M. C. men, Red Cross nurses and the train's crew. From the train he enters the base hospital or casualty clearing station, where a good-sized corps of doctors, nurses, etc., are kept busy. Another ambulance journey is next in order—this time to the hospital ship. He crosses the channel, arrives in Blighty—more ambulances and perhaps a ride for five hours on an English Red Cross train with its crew of Red Cross workers, and at last he reaches the hospital. Generally he stays from two to six months, or longer, in this hospital. From here he is sent to a convalescent home for six weeks.

If by wounds he is unfitted for further service, he is discharged, given a pension, or committed to a soldiers' home for the rest of his life—and still the expense piles up. When you realize that all the ambulances, trains and ships, not to mention the man power, used in transporting a wounded man, could be used for supplies, ammunition and re-enforcements for the troops at the front, it will not appear strange that from a strictly military standpoint a dead man is sometimes better than a live one (if wounded).

Not long after the first digging party, our general decided, after a careful tour of inspection of the communication trenches, upon "an ideal spot," as he termed it, for a machine-gun emplacement; took his map, made a dot on it, and as he was wont, wrote "dig here," and the next night we dug.

There were twenty in the party, myself included. Armed with picks, shovels and empty sandbags we arrived at the "ideal spot" and started digging. The moon was very bright, but we did not care as we were well out of sight of the German lines.

We had gotten about three feet down, when the fellow next to me, after a mighty stroke with his pick, let go of the handle, and pinched his nose with his thumb and forefinger, at the same time letting out the explosion, "Gott strafe me, pink, I'm bloody well gassed, not 'alf 'I ain't'." I quickly turned in his direction with an inquiring look, at the same instant reaching for my gas bag. I soon found out what was ailing him. One whiff was enough and I lost no time in also pinching my nose. The stench was awful. The rest of the digging party dropped their picks and shovels and beat it for the weather side of that solitary pick. The officer came over and inquired why the work had suddenly ceased, holding our noses, we simply pointed in the direction of the smell. He went over to the pick, immediately clapped his hand over his nose, made an "about turn" and came back. Just then our captain came along and investigated, but after about a minute said we had better carry on with the digging, that he did not see why we should have stopped as the odor was very faint, but if necessary he would allow us our gas helmets while digging. He would stay and see the thing through, but he had to report back to brigade headquarters immediately. We wished that we were captains and also had a date at brigade headquarters. With our gas helmets on we again attacked that hole and uncovered the decomposed body of a German; the pick was sticking in his chest. One of the men fainted. I was that one. Upon this our lieutenant halted proceedings and sent word back to headquarters and word came back that after we filled in the hole we could knock off for the night. This was welcome tidings to us, because—

Next day the general changed the dot on his map and another emplacement was completed the following night.

The odor from the dug-up, decomposed human body has an effect which is hard to describe. It first produces a nauseating feeling, which, especially after eating, causes vomiting. This relieves you temporarily, but soon a weakening sensation follows, which leaves you limp as a dishrag. Your spirits are at their lowest ebb and you feel a sort of hopelessness and a mad desire to escape it all, to get to the open fields and the perfume of the flowers in Blighty. There is a sharp, prickling sensation in the nostrils, which reminds one of breathing coal gas through a radiator in the floor, and you want to sneeze, but cannot. This was the effect on me, surrounded by a vague horror of the awfulness of the thing and an ever-recurring reflection that, perhaps I, sooner or later, would be in such a state and be brought to light by the blow of a pick in the hands of some Tommy on a digging party.

Several times I have experienced this

odor, but never could get used to it; the ever-lasting sensation was always present. It made me hate war and wonder why such things were countenanced by civilization, and all the spice and glory of the conflict would disappear, leaving the grim reality. But after leaving the spot and filling your lungs with deep breaths of pure, fresh air, you forget and once again want to be "up and at them."

#### CHAPTER XV.

##### Listening Post.

It was six in the morning when we arrived at our rest billets, and we were allowed to sleep until noon; that is, if we wanted to go without our breakfast. For sixteen days we remained in rest billets, digging roads, drilling, and other fatigues, and then back into the front-line trench.

Nothing happened that night, but the next afternoon I found out that a bomber is general utility man in a section.

About five o'clock in the afternoon our lieutenant came down the trench and stopping in front of a bunch of us on the fire step, with a broad grin on his face, asked:

"Who is going to volunteer for listening post tonight? I need two men."

It is needless to say no one volunteered, because it is anything but a cushy job. I began to feel uncomfortable as I knew it was getting around for my turn. Sure enough, with another grin, he said:

"Jaggy, you and Wheeler are due, so come down into my dugout for instructions at six o'clock."

Just as he left and was going around a traverse, Fritz turned loose with a machine gun and the bullets ripped the sandbags right over his head. It gave me great pleasure to see him duck against the parapet. He was getting a taste of what we would get later out in front.

Then, of course, it began to rain. I knew it was the forerunner of a terrible night for us. Every time I had to go out in front, it just naturally rained. Old Jupiter Pluvius must have had it in for me.

At six we reported for instructions. They were simple and easy. All we had to do was to crawl out into No Man's Land, lie on our bellies with our ears to the ground and listen for the tap, tap of the German engineers or sappers who might be tunnelling under No Man's Land to establish a mine-head beneath our trench.

Of course, in our orders we were told not to be captured by German patrols or reconnaissance parties. Lots of breath is wasted on the western front giving silly cautions.

As soon as it was dark, Wheeler and I crawled to our post which was about halfway between the lines. It was raining bucketfuls, the ground was a sea of sticky mud and clung to us like glue.

We took turns in listening with our ears to the ground. I would listen for twenty minutes while Wheeler would be on the qui vive for German patrols.

We each wore a wristwatch, and believe me, neither one of us did over twenty minutes. The rain soaked us to the skin and our ears were full of mud.

Every few minutes a bullet would crack overhead or a machine gun would traverse back and forth.

Then all firing suddenly ceased. I whispered to Wheeler, "Keep your eye skinned, mate; most likely Fritz has a patrol out—that's why the Boches have stopped firing."

We were each armed with a rifle and bayonet and three Mills bombs to be used for defense only.

I had my ear to the ground. All of a sudden I heard faint, dull thuds. In a low but excited voice I whispered to Wheeler, "I think they are mining, listen."

He put his ear to the ground and in an unsteady voice spoke into my ear:

"Yank, that's a patrol and it's heading our way. For God's sake keep still."

I was as still as a mouse and was scared stiff.

Hardly breathing and with eyes trying to pierce the inky blackness, we waited. I would have given a thousand pounds to have been safely in my dugout.

Then we plainly heard footsteps and our hearts stood still.

A dark form suddenly loomed up in front of me; it looked as big as the Woolworth building. I could hear the blood rushing through my veins and it sounded as loud as Niagara falls.

Forms seemed to emerge from the darkness. There were seven of them in all. I tried to wish them away. I never wished harder in my life. They muttered a few words in German and melted into the blackness. I didn't stop wishing either.

All of a sudden we heard a stumble, a muddy splash, and a muttered "Donner und Blitzen." One of the Boches had tumbled into a shell hole. Neither of us laughed. At that time—it didn't strike us as funny.

About twenty minutes after the Germans had disappeared something from the rear grabbed me by the foot. I nearly fainted with fright. Then a welcome whisper in a cockney accent:

"I s'y, myte, we've come to relieve you."

Wheeler and I crawled back to our trench; we looked like wet hens and felt worse. After a swig of rum we were soon fast asleep on the fire step in our wet clothes.

The next morning I was as stiff as a poker and every joint ached like I had tooth, but I was still alive, so it did not matter.

(To Be Continued.)

#### Wealth and Poverty.

Wealth as well as poverty has its hardships—a species of isolation and a choice of companionships and in a certain sense is very depressing; a suspicion as to the motives of others is extended, the shrewdness of given, and the genuineness of friendship is exchanged.

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## The KITCHEN CABINET

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SEASONABLE DISHES.

Lay a thick slice of ripe tomato on a lettuce leaf, then on the tomato a ring of green pepper one-fourth inch high. Fill with chopped mustard pickles, ripe olives and pearl onions; garnish with sliced pickled walnuts and serve any desired dressing.

**Bran Bread Sticks.**—To one cupful of scalded milk add three tablespoonfuls of shortening, half a teaspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of molasses; stir till the shortening is melted and the liquid thickened, then add a cake of compressed yeast, softened in a fourth of a cupful of water, and one cupful and a half of bran with as much bread flour as can be conveniently mixed in with a spoon. The dough should not be mixed stiff enough to knead. Mix and cut and turn with a spoon or knife, cover, and let it rise to become light. When it is double its bulk, butter the fingers and pull off bits of the dough, roll on a board and put into bread stick pans. When very light bake 15 minutes. Brush with the white of an egg and return to the oven to glaze.

**Rhubarb Baked With Raisins.**—Peel the rhubarb unless very tender and cut in half-inch slices. For a pound of rhubarb use a half cupful of raisins and a cupful of sugar. Cover the rhubarb with boiling water and let cook until the water is evaporated to three spoonfuls. Sprinkle with rhubarb, raisins and sugar in a baking dish in layers and cook in the oven or on top of the range until tender but not broken.

**Steamed Pudding Without Eggs.**—Mix together two cupfuls of soft crumbs, one cupful of stoned raisins, half a cupful of molasses, one cupful of milk, half a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of soda and half a teaspoonful each of clove and cinnamon. Two tablespoonfuls of coconut may be added for a change if desired. Turn into a buttered mold and steam two hours. Serve with hard sauce.

**Chicken Salad.**—Allow equal parts of cold cooked chicken, cut in small bits, celery cut in small slices with a little chopped cabbage, blend with mayonnaise and serve on lettuce leaves.

Nellie Maxwell

Paper Clothing.

Paper clothing has long been known, sometimes for its cussedness, but recently there was discovered a method of waterproofing cloth made from a pulp which greatly increases the life of the garment. Some paper cloth is made, but there is one variety made in the Japanese which will stand 37,500 foldings without staining.

## THE RED CROSS NURSES OF EUROPE ARE GIVING TOASTED CIGARETTES TO THE BOYS

To anyone who doesn't know of the wonderful advances that have been made in the preparation of smoking tobacco in the last few years it may sound strange to speak of toasted cigarettes.

Strictly speaking, we should say cigarettes made of toasted tobacco; the smokers of this country will recognize it more readily by its trade name, "LUCKY STRIKE"—the toasted cigarette.

The American Tobacco Company are producing millions of these toasted cigarettes and these are being bought in enormous quantities through the various tobacco funds conducted by the newspapers of the country and forwarded through the Red Cross Society to the boys in France.

This new process of treating tobacco not only improves the flavor of the tobacco but it seals in this flavor and makes the cigarettes keep better.

The Red Cross nurse is always glad to have a cigarette for the wounded soldier, as, in most instances, that is the first thing asked for.

## THE KITCHEN CABINET

When eggs grow cheap, we'll surely make a cake. Home happy afternoon for early tea, And what a joyful thrill 'twill give to know That we may use two eggs, or even three!

—Harriet W. Symonds.

SOMETHING TO EAT.

We have been instructed in several languages this year to use cornmeal and save white flour, which we are all willing to do; here's hoping we do not run out of cornmeal.

**Cornmeal.**—Sift together one cupful of flour, three-fourths of a cupful of sugar, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a half-teaspoonful of salt. Beat one egg and one egg yolk; add three-fourths of a cupful of milk and stir into the dry ingredients with three tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Pumpkin Pie (New).—Beat two eggs, add two cupfuls of strained pumpkin, one-fourth of a cupful of orange marmalade, chopped fine, a little salt, a cupful of cream and a cupful of milk; mix and bake in a large pie plate lined with crust. Bake one hour.

**Deviled Rabbit.**—Melt half a tablespoonful of butter in a chafin dish or a double boiler; add half a pound of common cheese cut thin and stir constantly until it is melted; add one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of paprika, one tablespoonful of pimiento or mixed mustard pickle finely chopped, one teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce and the yolks of two eggs beaten and mixed with half a cupful of cream; stir constantly and cook over boiling water until smooth and thick. Serve at once for luncheon or supper on hot crackers or bread toasted on one side.

Nellie Maxwell

**Tango Salad.**—Peel and halve and core ripe, juicy pears, and if desired, cut the halves in thin slices without cutting quite through. Rub them with the cut side of a lemon, set a ball of cream cheese or a few cubes of Roquefort in the cavity, set these on heart leaves of lettuce and pour over a dressing made as follows: Beat a fourth of a cupful of olive oil with a teaspoonful of vinegar, salt and mustard, half a teaspoonful of paprika, and one-fourth of a cupful of chili sauce, until well blended, then beat into a cupful of mayonnaise.

**Coincidence.**—Much has been said and written at various times concerning "the long arm of coincidence," but surely a record in this direction, relates a correspondent, was established in connection with an amusing little episode in the career of the countess of Dudley, the enthusiastic Red Cross worker who organized the first voluntary hospital corps to cross the Channel on the outbreak of the present world war.

When, exactly ten years ago, her ladyship presented her husband with two sons, one of her first visits on her recovery was to a village church near where she was staying at the time.

The officiating clergyman was quite unaware of the presence of Lady Dudley among his congregation. Nevertheless, by an extraordinary coincidence, he chose as his text the words, "Two are better than one"—greatly to the amusement, need it be added, of the countess and some friends who were with her.

Did you ever see a picture of the Kaiser laughing? Come to think of it, all those at the head of the German government take themselves pretty seriously, says Washington Star. What they need is a laugh now and then to take the stress off their minds and get themselves out of the habit of thinking the world revolves around them. Imagine the Kaiser spending forty years collecting jokes and awarding an Iron Cross to the individual who would make him laugh. What a different world this would be! Laughing men never would have precipitated the present world crisis. If the Kaiser had formed the habit of the great uplift—of the corners of his mouth—Belgium would have been a happy nation today, laughing men never strewed Europe with dead wrecks of men and cathedrals.

## The HOME BEAUTIFUL

### Flowers and Shrubbery

### Their Care and Cultivation



Let the Green Things Screen the Ugly Views From the Back Yard.

## WINTER THOUGHTS OF THE GARDEN

Making your plans for next year's garden? Well, plan for beauty, then work for the plan.

Let your light shine in the back yard that there shall be nothing hidden.

Have grass and shrubbery in the back yard rather than rubbish.

Some of the prettiest things in the way of plants, vines and shrubs should be in sight of the kitchen window.

Hardy annuals are among the most brilliant, hardy shrubs.

All the spiraea, herbaceous or shrub, are beautiful and hardy.

Let your kitchen window be a picture frame. Let the picture framed be green things growing.

Let the green things be something beside burdock, glaucous weeds and cockle burrs.

Plan to screen the ugly views from the back door. Vines will do it.

Get a root of the trumpet-creeper from the woods, and plant it in the back yard.

Get a strong stake beside it, and keep the vine cut back until the shrub habit is formed. It is beautiful.

The trumpet-creeper will not spread unless you cut its roots. When you do you won't have to import any more.

## FRESH AND ROTTED MANURE

There seems to be a difference of opinion as to the value and use of fresh and well rotted manure. Almost all authors on gardening recommend the use of "well-rotted" manure for all plants.

That well rotted manure is the safest and best for immediate results in general farm and garden practice, is admitted.

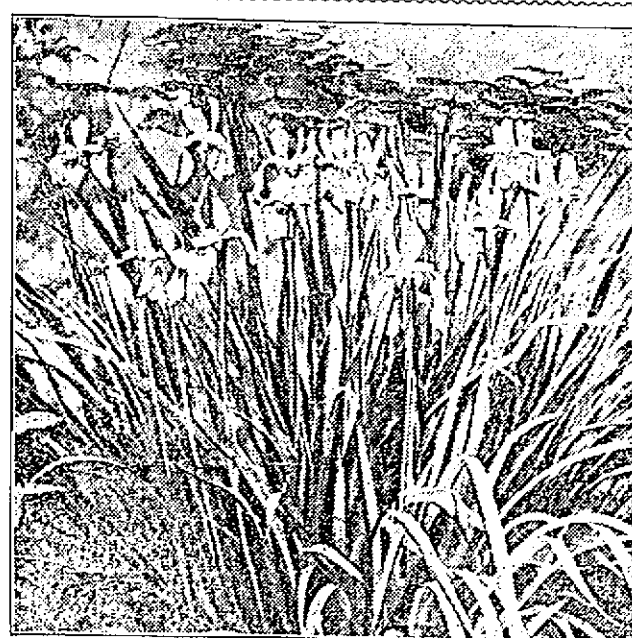
But large quantities of this fertilizer is difficult to secure at all times. Besides, manure which has rotted in heaps, unless properly handled, has lost a large share of its best fertilizing properties. The greatest objection to the use of fresh manure for immediate plant growth is that it burns the crop unless the growing season is very wet.

This, too, it will be admitted, is the usual case; yet the bad effects from the use of fresh manure arise from improper methods of applying the manure and the working of the soil after the application.

Fresh manure may or may not heat in the soil and injure plants, according to the way it is worked into the soil. Fresh manure, of course, undergoes decomposition and produces heat in the process; and the more of it there is in one place, the more heat there will be given off.

Then to overcome the bad effects of the heat to the growing plants fresh manure should be well scattered and well mixed with the soil so that no large amount will remain in any one place.

Canada has 50 large paper and pulp plants within its borders.



Iris.

**Daily Thought.**  
Nothing will ever be attempted if all possible objections must be first overcome.—Dietrich Bonhoeffer.

**Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA**

**Cold Snaps Speed Frames.**  
Never have glasses or spectacles with shell or celluloid frames near a window in cold weather, and never wear them out of doors when the temperature is low. The rays of this sort of contact with cold make more than the glass refracts, so they are very likely to break.

## "THE 'RICH MAN'S WAR' A HATEFUL CALUMNY"

American Business Men Ready to Make Sacrifices Without Stint.

## TAXES HERE AND ABROAD.

American Taxation the Most Democratic in the World.

By OTTO H. KAHN.

Nothing is plainer than that business and business men had everything to gain by preserving the conditions which existed during the two and a half years prior to April, 1917, under which many of them made very large profits by furnishing supplies, provisions and financial aid to the allied nations. Taxes were light, and this country was rapidly becoming the great economic reservoir of the world.

Nothing is plainer than that any sane business man in this country must have foreseen that, if America entered the war, these profits would be immensely reduced and some of them cut off entirely, because our government would step in and take charge; that it would cut prices right and left, as, in fact, it has done; that enormous burdens of taxation would have to be imposed, the bulk of which would naturally be borne by the well-to-do; in short, that the unprecedented golden flow into the coffers of business was bound to stop with our joining the war, or, at any rate, to be much diminished. But it is said the big financiers of New York were afraid that the money loaned by them to the allied nations might be lost if these nations were defeated, and therefore they maneuvered to get America into the war in order to save their investments.

## Proof That the Charge is Absurd.

A moment's reflection will show the utter absurdity of that charge. Let us assume, for argument's sake, that the allies had been defeated. Let us make the wildly improbable assumption that they had defaulted for the time being upon these foreign debts, the greater part of which, by the way, is secured by the deposits of collateral in the shape of American railroad bonds and stocks and of bonds of neutral countries, aggregating more than sufficient in value to cover these debts. Let us assume that the entire amount of allied bonds placed in America had been held by rich men in New York and the east instead of being distributed, as it is, throughout the country.

Is it not perfectly manifest that a single year's American war taxation and reduction of profits would take out of the pockets of such assumed holders a vastly greater sum than any possible loss they could have suffered by a default on their allied bonds, not to mention the heavy taxation which is bound to follow the war for years to come and the shrinkage of fortunes through the decline of all American securities in consequence of our entrance into the war?

Not only is the "rich man's war" an absurd myth; the charge is a hateful calumny.

Business men, great or small, are no different from other Americans, and we reject the thought that any American, rich or poor, would be capable of the hideous and dastardly plot to bring upon his country the sorrows and sufferings of war in order to enrich himself. Business men are bound to be exceedingly heavy financial losers through America's entrance into the war. Every element of self-interest should have caused them to use their utmost efforts to preserve America's neutrality, from which they drew so much profit during the two and a half years before April, 1917. Every consideration of personal advantage commanded men of affairs to stand with and support the agitation of the "peace-at-any-price" party. They spurned such ignoble reasoning; they rejected that abomination; they stood for war when it was no longer possible, with safety and honor, to maintain peace, because they are patriotic citizens first and business men afterwards.

## Our Income Tax and Taxes Abroad.

(1.) The largest incomes are taxed far more heavily here than anywhere else in the world.

The maximum rate of income taxation here is 67 per cent. In England it is 42½ per cent. Ours is therefore 60 per cent. higher than England's, and the rate in England is the highest prevailing anywhere in Europe. And in addition to the federal tax we must bear in mind our state and municipal taxes.

(2.) Moderate and small incomes, on the other hand, are subject to a far smaller rate of taxation here than in England.

In American incomes of married men up to \$2,000 are not subject to any federal income tax at all.

In England the income tax is 4½ per cent. on \$1,000, 6½ per cent. on \$2,000, 7½ per cent. on \$3,000, 8½ per cent. on \$4,000, 9½ per cent. on \$5,000, 10½ per cent. on \$6,000, 11½ per cent. on \$7,000, 12½ per cent. on \$8,000, 13½ per cent. on \$9,000, 14½ per cent. on \$10,000, 15½ per cent. on \$11,000, 16½ per cent. on \$12,000, 17½ per cent. on \$13,000, 18½ per cent. on \$14,000, 19½ per cent. on \$15,000, 20½ per cent. on \$16,000, 21½ per cent. on \$17,000, 22½ per cent. on \$18,000, 23½ per cent. on \$19,000, 24½ per cent. on \$20,000, 25½ per cent. on \$21,000, 26½ per cent. on \$22,000, 27½ per cent. on \$23,000, 28½ per cent. on \$24,000, 29½ per cent. on \$25,000, 30½ per cent. on \$26,000, 31½ per cent. on \$27,000, 32½ per cent. on \$28,000, 33½ per cent. on \$29,000, 34½ per cent. on \$30,000, 35½ per cent. on \$31,000, 36½ per cent. on \$32,000, 37½ per cent. on \$33,000, 38½ per cent. on \$34,000, 39½ per cent. on \$35,000, 40½ per cent. on \$36,000, 41½ per cent. 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## Historical and Genealogical.

## Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed:

1. Names and dates must be clearly written.
2. The full name and address of the writer must be given.
3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness.
4. Write on one side of the paper only.
5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature.
6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1918.

## NOTES.

## DEED OF LIBERTY TREE

Transferring the Trusteeship from Henry Clarke and Dumont Clarke to the Newport Historical Society.

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS, that we, Henry Audley Clarke of the Town of Jamestown in the County of Newport and State of Rhode Island and Dumont Clarke of Schraalenburgh in the County of Berger, State of New Jersey, being the heirs at law of William A. Clarke, late of the City and County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, deceased, acting herein under and by virtue of an act of the General Assembly of the State of Rhode Island, passed at its January Session, A. D. 1895 and entitled "An Act in amendment of an Act to incorporate the Newport Historical Society passed at the January Session, A. D. 1854" and of every power and authority we hereto enabling and for and in consideration of one dollar and other valuable considerations to us paid by the Newport Historical Society, a corporation created by law and located in the said city and county of Newport and State of Rhode Island, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged. Do hereby GRANT, BARGAIN, SELL, and CONVEY unto the said Newport Historical Society all that certain lot of land at the north end of Thames Street in said City of Newport, bounded, as follows: Easterly on Fawcett Street, about twenty-six feet; Southwesterly by land formerly of William Read about eleven feet; and Westerly on Thames Street, making a point at the north, being in the form of a triangle, together with the "Liberty Tree," thereon, it being the same lot of land heretofore conveyed by William Read to William Ellery, John Collins, Robert Crook, and Samuel Fowler and their successors by deed bearing date the 14th day of April, A. D. 1766. The said William A. Clarke being the last surviving Trustee in succession to the said Trust under the said deed.

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD the same with the appurtenances thereof unto the said Newport Historical Society forever upon the uses, interests, designs and trusts set forth in said deed, viz: "That the said Tree, forever be known by the name of the Tree of Liberty, and be set apart to and for the use of the Sons of Liberty, and that the same stand as a monument of the spirited and noble opposition made to the Stamp Act, in the year one thousand seven hundred and sixty-five by the Sons of Liberty in Newport, Rhode Island and throughout the Continent of North America, and be considered as emblematical of public Liberty; of her taking deep root in English America; of her strength and spreading protection by her heroic influences refreshing her sons in all their just struggles against the attempts of tyrannical and oppressive; and furthermore the said Tree of Liberty is destined and set apart for exposing to public ignominy and reproach all offenders against the liberties of their country and abettors and approvers of such as would enslave her; and that the same may be repaired to upon all rejoicing on account of the deliverance and rescue of Liberty from any danger she may have been in of being subverted and overthrown, and furthermore that the said Tree of Liberty stands as a memorial in the firm and unshaken loyalty of the American Sons of Liberty to His Majesty King George the Third, and of their inviolable attachment to the happy establishment of the Protestant succession in the illustrious house of Hanover, and in general, said tree is hereby conveyed to and set apart for such other uses as they, the true born Sons of Liberty, shall from time to time, from age to age, and in all times and ages forever hereafter apprehend, Judge and resolve, may subserve the glorious cause of public liberty."

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, We, the said Henry Audley Clarke and Dumont Clarke have hereunto set our hands and seals this day of September, A. D. 1896.

HENRY AUDLEY CLARKE (seal)  
DUMONT CLARKE (seal)

Executed in presence of  
Clarence Hammett  
as to H.A.C.  
J. J. Bennett  
as to D.C.  
STATE OF RHODE ISLAND  
COUNTY OF NEWPORT.

At Newport in said County on this 11th day of September, A. D. 1896, personally appeared the above named Henry Audley Clarke, to me personally known and known to me to be one of the grantors described in and who executed the foregoing instrument and he acknowledged the same to be his free act and deed.

Before me,  
CLARENCE HAMMETT,  
Notary Public.

STATE OF NEW YORK  
COUNTY OF NEW YORK.

At New York City in said County on this sixteenth day of September, A. D. 1896, personally appeared the above named Dumont Clarke, to me personally known and known to me to be one of the grantors described in and who executed the foregoing instrument and he acknowledged the same to be his free act and deed.

Before me,  
J. J. BENNETT,  
Notary Public, King's County.  
Certificate filed in New York Co.

## QUERIES.

10067. BARNEY—John Barney, of Jacob and Ann (Witt) Barney, was born at Salem June 1, 1865. John's parents moved from Salem to New-

port when he was a child, and as John lived in Newport until 1790, when he moved to Sudbury, I think he may have married and had a family at Newport; can any one give the names of his wife and children, if there were any, and all dates possible.

I want especially to know if he had a son Thomas.—E.B.M.

10068. TABELL—Can any one give the date of birth and death of Reuben Taber, who married Meribah Bennett April 10, 1792? They had a son Reuben Taber who was born Dec. 22, 1792 and who died Aug. 15, 1819. I would also like to know the birth and death dates of Meribah Bennett.—S.N.

10069. SISSON—Barnard Sisson, sometimes known as "Barney" Sisson, was born —, 1772. He died Aug. 19, 1809. On Dec. 17, 1797, he married Barbara Sisson, daughter of Richard Sisson and Sarah (Fish) Sisson, who was born Dec. 1, 1772. Can any one give me the full date of Barnard Sisson's birth, and if possible, the date of Barbara Sisson's death.—R.M.H.

## PROBATE COURT OF THE TOWN OF NEW SHORTHAM, R. I.

Estate of Philip G. Sanford, late of Westport, in the County of Westerly, State of Rhode Island, deceased, which will was proved and allowed by the Court of Probate within and for said District of Westport, presents a copy of said will and Testament of the said Philip G. Sanford, under the seal of said Court of Probate, and in writing requests that the same be filed and recorded in the registry of this Court, according to law, and that the testamentary be granted thereon; said deceased leaving estate in the State of Rhode Island and in said Town of New Shortham, whereon said will may operate; and said copies and request are received and referred to the first day of April, 1918, at 2 o'clock, P. M., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shortham for consideration and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk  
STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

## STATE BOARD OF PUBLIC ROADS

## NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

Sealed proposals for the furnishing and applying of asphaltic oil or of refined tar to the State highways of Rhode Island will be received by the State Board of Public Roads at its office, State House, Providence, R. I., until 12 o'clock noon on WEDNESDAY, March 27, 1918, at which time they will be publicly opened and read.

The total quantities involved are 375,000 gallons of oil and 450,000 gallons of tar. The roads to be surface treated are divided into three sections, each section requiring approximately one-third of total amount of materials—and bids will be received for materials to be furnished and work to be done in each of the three sections.

Bids must be made upon blank forms furnished by the board. All bids must be accompanied by a certified check for \$200.00, payable to the State of Rhode Island.

The board reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

Forms of specifications, proposals and contract may be obtained at the office of the State Board of Public Roads at the State House, Providence, R. I., and after Wednesday, March 13, 1918, between the hours of 9 a. m. and 5 p. m. on Saturdays, between 9 a. m. and 12 m.

STATE BOARD OF PUBLIC ROADS,  
John F. Richardson,  
Benjamin F. Robinson,  
Abram L. Atwood,  
Frank Cole,  
Michael Van Beuren.

## STATE OF RHODE ISLAND

OFFICE OF THE CLERK OF THE SUPERIOR COURT.  
Newport, R. I., March 10, 1918.

WHEREAS Margaret Irene Donovan of the City of Newport, in said County and State, has filed in this office her petition, praying for a divorce from the bond of marriage now existing between the said Margaret Irene Donovan and James J. Donovan, now in parts to the said Margaret Irene Donovan unknown, on which said petition an order of notice has been entered.

NOTICE is therefore hereby given to the said James J. Donovan of the pendency of said petition and that he shall appear, if he shall see fit, at the Superior Court to be holden at the Court House in Newport, within and for the County of Newport, on the third Monday of May, A. D. 1918, then and there to respond to said petition.

SYDNEY D. HARVEY, Clerk.

PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY OF NEWPORT.

Estate of Joseph T. Donovan, March 10th, 1918.

MARGARET A. Donovan, Guardian of the person and estate of Joseph T. Donovan, of said Newport, minor, presents her petition in writing, representing that said minor is seized and possessed of certain Real Estate, situated in said Newport, being one undivided half part of all that certain lot or parcel of land in said City of Newport, with the buildings and improvements thereon, bounded and described as follows: Southwesterly on Rhode Island Avenue, fifty feet; Southwesterly on a way ten feet wide running from Rhode Island Avenue, fifty feet; Northeastly on land of Mabel White, fifty feet; and Southeastly on land of William J. Easton, fifty and 3-10 feet; and the interest of said way in and to the said ten-foot wide way; the whole of said parcel of real estate being subject to a mortgage held by the Savings Bank of Newport, upon which the sum of sixteen hundred dollars of principal money still remains due and unpaid; and praying for reasons therein stated, that she may be authorized and empowered to sell said minor's interest in said Real Estate at public auction or private sale, for the purpose of paying the debts of said minor; and for the support of said minor; and for the purpose of making a better and more advantageous investment of the proceeds of such sale; and said petition is received and referred to the first day of April next, at 2 o'clock, P. M., at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY OF NEWPORT.

Estate of Joseph T. Donovan, March 10th, 1918.

MARGARET A. Donovan, Guardian of the person and estate of Joseph T. Donovan, of said Newport, minor, presents her petition in writing, representing that said minor is seized and possessed of certain Real Estate, situated in said Newport, being one undivided half part of all that certain lot or parcel of land in said City of Newport, with the buildings and improvements thereon, bounded and described as follows: Southwesterly on Rhode Island Avenue, fifty feet; Northwesterly on a way ten feet wide running from Rhode Island Avenue, fifty feet; Northeastly on land of Mabel White, fifty feet; and Southeastly on land of William J. Easton, fifty and 3-10 feet; and the interest of said way in and to the said ten-foot wide way; the whole of said parcel of real estate being subject to a mortgage held by the Savings Bank of Newport, upon which the sum of sixteen hundred dollars of principal money still remains due and unpaid; and praying for reasons therein stated, that she may be authorized and empowered to sell said minor's interest in said Real Estate at public auction or private sale, for the purpose of paying the debts of said minor; and for the support of said minor; and for the purpose of making a better and more advantageous investment of the proceeds of such sale; and said petition is received and referred to the first day of April next, at 2 o'clock, P. M., at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Swift & Company  
Publicity

At a recent hearing of the Federal Trade Commission there was introduced correspondence taken from the private files of Swift & Company, which showed that the Company had been considering for some time an educational advertising campaign.

The need for this publicity has been apparent to us for several years. The gross misrepresentation to which we have recently been subjected has convinced us that we should no longer delay in putting before the public the basic facts of our business, relying on the fair-mindedness of the American people.

The feeling against the American packer is based largely on the belief that the income and well-being of the producer and consumer are adversely affected by the packers' operations, resulting in unreasonably large profits.

Swift & Company's net profit is reasonable, and represents an insignificant factor in the cost of living.

For the fiscal year 1917 the total sales and net profit of Swift & Company were as follows:

Sales  
\$875,000,000.

Profits  
\$34,650,000.

This is equivalent to a \$3.465. profit on a business of \$87,500.



If Swift & Company had made no profit at all, the cattle raiser would have received only one-eighth of a cent per pound more for his cattle, or the consumer would have saved only one-quarter of a cent per pound on dressed beef.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

## Sheriff's Sale

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Newport, R. I., Sheriff's Office.  
Newport, R. I.,  
December 10, A. D. 1917.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 7334 issued out of the District Court of the First Judicial District of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the twentieth day of November, A. D. 1917, and returnable to the said Court February 20th, A. D. 1918, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the eighteenth day of September, A. D. 1917, in favor of Thomas J. Murphy of Newport, plaintiff, and against William P. Dawley of Newport in said County, defendant, I have this day at 10 minutes past 9 o'clock a. m., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest which the said defendant, William P. Dawley, had on the 31st day of August, A. D. 1917, at 2 o'clock p. m. (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lot or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows: North on land now or formerly of Charles J. Langley estate; East on land formerly of Estate of Daniel Read; South on Levin street and West on land of R. O. Fontaine, be all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

AND  
Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on real estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office in said City of Newport in said County of Newport on the 12th day of March, A. D. 1918, at 12:00 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING,  
Deputy Sheriff.

Newport, R. I., Mar. 13, A. D. 1918.

For good and sufficient cause, the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the 20th day of March, A. D. 1918, at 12:00 o'clock noon, at the same place above named.

FRANK P. KING,  
Deputy Sheriff.

THE GREAT WAR HAS MADE CIGARETTES A NECESSITY.

"Our boys must have their smokes. Send them cigarettes!" This is a familiar appeal now to all of us.

Among those most in demand is the now famous "LUCKY STRIKE" cigarette—LUCKY STRIKE. Thousands of this favorite brand have been shipped to France. There is something homelike and friendly to the boys in the sight of the familiar green packages with the red circle.

This homelike, appetizing quality of the LUCKY STRIKE cigarette is largely due to the fact that the Burley tobacco used in making it has been toasted. "It's toasted" was the slogan that made a great success of LUCKY STRIKE in less than a year. Now the American Tobacco Co. is making 15 million LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes a day.

A good part of this immense production is making its way across the water to cheer our boys. The Red Cross has distributed thousands of LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes.

TO NEW YORK  
FALL RIVER LINE

Lv. Long Wharf daily 9:30 P. M.

Fare \$3.00

Tickets etc. at 15 Franklin St., or What Office

THE NEW ENGLAND STEAMSHIP CO.

As to Our Looks.

"Improved photography," remarked the man on the car, "has given us the mistaken notion that we are better looking than our ancestors."

EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE ON THE PREMISES

## SIMON KOSCHNY'S SONS

Manufacturing Confectioner

232 Thames Street Branch, 16 Broadway

NEWPORT, R. I.

CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECT.

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate's Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY

INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

Attended to.

THE Policy of this store is to present to prospective purchasers in an honest, straightforward manner—by word, by picture, by plan to the fullest detail—the facts of wares and prices.

Nothing is left untold for the possible buyer to discover and resent in her disappointment.

Ever looking forward to a wider distribution of our stock, it is imperative to enlarge them constantly, and to maintain our high character of quality regardless of our knowledge of the extra profit in doing otherwise.

The reason is plain why your money must go much farther here than elsewhere.

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## Sheriff's Sale

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Newport, R. I., Sheriff's Office.  
Newport, R. I.,  
December 10, A. D. 1917.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 2566 issued out of the Superior Court of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the 29th day of October, A. D. 1917, and returnable to the said Court April 29th, A. D. 1918, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the eleventh day of October, A. D. 1917, in favor of Jane Leonard and Andre Van Camp, co-partners doing business as Jane and Andre Van Camp, of the City of New York, and State of New York, who sue as trustees for the Assignee, A. J. Brady Company of the City, County and State of New York, plaintiffs, and against J. C. Mallory, alias Jane Brady, defendant, I have this day at 10 o'clock A. M., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest which the said defendant, J. C. Mallory, alias Jane Brady, had on the 16th day of July, A. D. 1917, at 11 minutes past 3 o'clock P. M. (the time of the attachment on the original writ) in and to a certain lot or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows:—A certain lot of land and the buildings and improvements thereon situated in the City of Newport and bounded and described as follows:—Northwesterly on Kay street; Northeastly on land known as the Caldwell Estate; Southeastly on land of Jay and land of heirs of Daniel T. Swinburn; Easterly on said Swinburn land; Southeastly again on Greenough Place and Southeastly on land formerly of Watson Fell and land formerly of Thomas Coggeshall, be all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

AND  
Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on real estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office in said City of Newport in said County of Newport on the 7th day of March, A. D. 1918, at 11 o'clock a. m., for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees, and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING,  
Deputy Sheriff.

Newport, R. I., March 7, A. D. 1918.

For good and sufficient cause, the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the 28th day of March, A. D. 1918, at 11 o'clock a. m., at the same place above named.

FRANK P. KING,  
Deputy Sheriff.

## Sheriff's Sale

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Newport, R. I., Sheriff's Office.  
Newport, R. I.,  
December 10, A. D. 1917.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 2562 issued out of the Superior Court of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the 28th day of October, A. D. 1917, and returnable to the said Court May 28th, A. D. 1918, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 18th day of March, A. D. 1917, in favor of J. C. Mallory, a corporation located and doing business in the City of Boston in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, plaintiff, and against Mrs. J. C. Mallory of Newport, defendant, I have this day at 10 minutes past 1 o'clock P. M., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest which the said defendant, Mrs. J. C. Mallory, had at the time of this levy, in and to a certain lot or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows: Northwesterly on Kay Street; Northeastly on land known as the Caldwell Estate; Southeastly on land of Jay and land of heirs of Daniel T. Swinburn; Easterly on said Swinburn land; Southeastly again on Greenough Place and Southeastly on land formerly of Watson Fell and land formerly of Thomas Coggeshall, be all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

AND  
Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on real estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office in said City of Newport in said County of Newport on the 7th day of March, A. D. 1918, at 12 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING,  
Deputy Sheriff.

Newport, R. I., March 7, A. D. 1918.

For good and sufficient cause, the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the 28th day of March, A. D. 1918, at 12 o'clock noon, at the same place above named.

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